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George Barnwell,

BARNWELL The Iron chest is lock'd and master's got the key,
But take this roll of cloth, let no one see
And here's a purse containing Five Pounds three
A Coat and breeches too —

Act 2. Scene 4

GEORGY BARNWELL ;

OR,

THE UNFORTUNATE LONDON APPRENTICE !

A TRAGI-COMICAL, OPERATIC, HISTORICAL
BURLESQUE,

IN

One Act.

BY MONTAGUE CORRI, ESQ.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK.

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND
DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING
By Mr. J. Findlay, from a Drawing taken expressly in the Theatre.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DUNCOMBE,
10, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.

THE HISTORY OF THE



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The Argument.

THE Sad and Fearful History of George Barnwell has been handed down to posterity by various traditions, in ancient and modern ballads, but, like many others of days gone by, historians differ as to the character and station in life of those whose history they would perpetuate. Some represent Thorogood as an opulent merchant, some as a grocer, while others roundly assert that he was a merchant tailor, whose gallantry, in throwing several yards of superfine cloth on the muddy road for Queen Elizabeth to walk upon when she honoured the City with her presence on a Lord Mayor's Day, so won upon her Majesty's admiration that she gave him a most extensive order in his way of business—no less than a supply of clothing for the brave fellows who went to sea to defeat the Spanish Armada. This being the case, it is but fair to presume that Thorogood was a master tailor and draper, and not a grocer, as it is evident that he furnished a large supply of *duck* for those who fought under *Drake*, all of which was pressed by his own *goose*.

As a warning to youth, the History of George Barnwell surpasses all others, and it is presumed that in presenting an *Old Friend* with a *New Face*, and lightening the darker scenes, together with cutting out the cutting situations of deep tragedy which has hitherto held possession of the Stage, it may not be unpalatable to the Public, though retaining the Prophetic Warning, "BE WARNED, YE YOUTHS," &c.



THE MUSIC will be found to be the production of various Composers, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present time, (as is the case with all original Music of the present day.)

THE COSTUME, unexceptionable.

THE SCENERY could not have been better had it been painted for the occasion, in fact, it is doubtful if it had been as good.

THE PROPERTIES will be, most properly, the antipodes of what they ought to be.

THE MACHINERY will be most extensive, as there is none required.

Thus much having said, proceed we on to the *Dramatis Personæ*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Thorogood, a Merchant Tailor</i>	Mr. Heslop.
<i>George Barnwell, his Collecting Clerk and Cutter Out</i>	Mr. Vale.
<i>Jeremiah Barnwell, his Uncle—a City Pawnbroker</i>	Mr. Neville,
<i>Truman, Foreman of Thorogood's Shop</i>	Mr. C. Hicks.
<i>Blunt, Millwood's Servant</i>	Mr. Hawkins.
<i>Sambo Stitchem, a Tailor of Colour</i>	Mr. Lamb.
<i>Maria, Thorogood's Daughter</i>	Miss Usher.
<i>Millwood, a Man Catcher</i>	Miss E. Ferrey.
<i>Lucy, her Confidant</i>	Mrs. W. Daly.
<i>Tailors, Police, &c. &c.</i>	

First produced at the Royal Surrey Theatre, May 27, 1844.
Time in Representation, 40 minutes.

COSTUME.

Thorogood—Lavender coat, black breeches, worsted stockings, red cap.

Georgy Barnwell—Blue jacket, white buttons, nankeen trowsers, boy's hat. Second dress. Green frock coat, and cap—(as disguise).

Jeremiah Barnwell—An eccentric black suit.

Truman—Black pantaloons, blue short-tailed coat, and embroidered waistcoat.

Blunt—Long suit of livery.

Sambo Stitchem—White jacket, black tight trowsers.

Millwood—Rose colour petticoat, embroidered silk dress, wig, mall hat and feather.

Maria—White satin petticoat blue silk dress.

Lucy—White quilted petticoat, blue brocaded silk dress.

GEORGY BARNWELL.

SCENE I.

The Interior of Thorogood's Workshop.

A number of Tailors at work on the shopboard. Truman attending. Tailors working very slowly.

CHORUS, Air—Billy Taylor.

Oh, listen to a tailor's ditty,
While we work all of a row—
We are the best in London city,
For to cut, or stitch, or sow.
Tol de riddle diddle dee. *(Sung rather slow.)*

Enter THOROGOOD, R. H.

Thor. What sleepy sounds are these? 'Gad, I'll soon
wake you—

Work quicker, rascals, or I swear I'll make you!

*[Music—"The Devil among the tailors." They work
quicker.]*

Aye, that's better. Quick work I like to see.

Go, Trueman, send Maria here to me.

[To Tailors.] 'Tis evening, fellows—to supper you may
run—

But mind, to-morrow your work must all be done.

[Exit Tailors, L. H.]

Here comes Maria, with looks demure—

Something's amiss with her, I'm sure.

Eh? perhaps some favour'd lover—

There is a mystery which I must discover.

Enter MARIA, R. H.

Maria, dear, I hope you've order'd what is nice

For our grand feast to-night, without regard to price—

Because these lords and dukes, my dear, I wish to show

How to provide a supper Merchant Tailors know.

SONG.—MARIA. Air—Away with melancholy.

Papa, I've nothing spared, but have tried to meet your wish,
There's pies and puddings, beef, polonies, mutton, greens, and
fish,

And pipes, and beer, and bacco, and gin you'll have, I vow—
You may drink, and smoke your pipe, and get as drunk as
David's sow.

(Repeat the two last lines.)

Thor. But, 'Ria, you look sad—I'm sure all is not right.

Mar. I beg you will excuse me from the ball to-night.

Thor. Allow you to be absent? That will never do—
These nobles visit *me*, but come to ogle *you*.

La ra la ra la!

Mar. Dear sir, these merry folks will but increase my
sorrow.

Thor. Pish, pish! let's laugh to-day, and cry to-morrow.

Think of a husband, girl—I'm getting old,

And want a heir to inherit all my gold.

There's plenty suitors visit daily, are there not?

It's hard if you can't pick one from the lot.

But I won't force your inclination—pick and choose,

'Twixt Heathens, Christians, Blackamoors, or Jews.

Mar. You are a good old dad, but yet

A husband I can't pick from such a set.

Nor dukes, nor lords, howe'er so grand,

Shall ever marry me. My virgin hand

On some young trader I'd bestow

Who'd win my heart as well.

Thor. So, so—

I guess'd as much—for, spite of all we say,

Girls, like grown women, *will* have their way.

Mar. [Affectedly] May I depart? I've a pain in my
poor head.

Thor. Go, then. I'll to my shopboard—

Mar. And I, to bed.

[Exit R. H. Thorogood goes up the Stage, as the
Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—A Chamber in Millwood's House.

Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY, R. H.

DUETT. Air—Norah Creina.

Mill. How do I look? Tell me, pray—

Lucy. Oh, killingly, I needs must say.

But why are you drest out so gay?

There's something in the wind, to-day.

Ac onquest, sure, you have in view,

Some rich old fool—

Mill. No, that won't do.

The old ones are too deep, egad!

They're up to snuff, and won't be had.

Mill. No, Lucy, no—rather say a youth I've seen about whose eye there's something green. With cash in plenty—paying and receiving—I found *him* my spider's web I'm weaving.

Lucy. And spider-like the snare you'll lay,
[*Half aside.*] To seize your victim, and destroy your prey
[*To Mill.*] Is he handsome?

Mill. Yes, the youth's well made.

Lucy. Then, if your plans are deepiy laid,
You may keep him for twelve months, or more.

Mill. Oh, I shall have done with him long before.
'Or I have had an eye upon the spark,
Whom I suspect to be a merchant's clerk—
I met him yesterday, close by the Park.
I made a sudden stop, and look'd, and sigh'd,
I ask'd his name—"George Barnwell," he replied.
I feigned surprise and pleasure, and swore that he,
Of all men else I long had wished to see—
That I had news of import to convey,
If he could meet me any where to-day.

I named a tavern—I spoke of honour, and all that—
I ask'd him to my house—I've caught the flat!
[*Chuckling.*] He's coming—I expect him every minute,
And if I don't nail his cash, the devil's in it.

[*Knock without*
Mark—that's the youth. Run, Lucy—quick—[*Exit Lucy,*
L. H.]—shew him in!

Now to prepare my arts, his confidence to win.
Let me consider—what scheme shall I devise?
Ma—he is here—

Enter BARNWELL. L. H.

Barn. Your pardon, madam—

Mill. [*Feigning timidity.*] Sir—my joy
—surprise—

Barn. [*Aside.*] What beauty!

Mill. [*Aside.*] He falters!

Barn. [*Aside.*] Those expres-
sive eyes!

Mill. You seem fatigued—be pleased to take a seat—
You'll take a drop to drink? Nay, I'll stand treat.
Port, sherry, hock, gin, rum, or brandy—
No ceremony, pray—they're all quite handy.

Barn. Nothing, I thank you, ma'am.

Mill. Nay, do not fear—
You're welcome, sir, to all that we have here.

[*They sit—Lucy has brought on a bottle and glasses*
R. H. one of which Millwood presents to George.]

Drink—'twill raise your spirits high above—
Twill teach you how to smile on her you love.

Barn. Speak you of woman's love, or wedding ring?
I never yet have thought of such a thing.
I can't afford to be in love—because I know
My means are scant, my pockets rather low—
My master and my uncle I love true,
And better still, my friend——

Mill. Oh, then you
Possess a friend whom you esteem, forsooth,
Above them all—oh, happy happy youth,
I envy you. I wish that I a man had been,
To be so loved—for friendship's sake, I mean.

[*Blushing, and drawing nearer to George.*
Barn. [*Aside*] She's casting a sheep's eye at me. Oh,
My corns! She's trod upon my toe!
I never sat so near a girl before—
It makes me feel quite strange all o'er.

Mill. [*Sighing.*] And I, alas!

Barn. Oh, madam, how you sigh.
Don't look so pale, nor do not pipe your eye,
For I must go, that's poz! Pray do not grizzle.

Mill. Oh, stay—'tis going to rain.

Barn. Then I must mizzle!

TRIO.†

Air, from Rosina.—I'll be your protector and guardian.

Mill. Consent, then, dear youth, for I won't be denied,
You shall sup off a goose, and some bacon fried.]

Barn. My duty to master commands me away,
But the goose I smell roasting inclines me to stay.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) Oho, my young spark, I dare bet you a crown,
Like the goose on the spit, you will soon be done brown.
His timid heart pants, and he seems quite perplex't,
His heart seems quite gone, and his cash will go next.

Mill. Consent, then, dear youth—if you'll only remain
This one night, I never will press you again—
Your cash shall be safe, and no ill shall betide,
I'll be your protector, your guardian, and guide.

Enter BLUNT, R. II.

*Air---*Oh, the roast beef of Old England.

Blunt. The supper is ready, and all smoking hot,
The taters are boiled, and just out of the pot.
The greens and the spinach are dish'd, so be brief,
Oh, the roast beef of Old England, oh the Old English
roast beef.

[*They dance off, R. II.*

SCENE III.—*A Street near Thorogood's House.**Enter* BARNWELL, R. H.

Barn. Well, here I am, all safe and sound once more—
There stands our shop, the window, and the door.
Out all night! what will my master say,
His money spent, and squander'd all away.
A rascal thief—his trust I have betrayed—
I'd ring the bell, but that I am afraid.

Enter TRUMAN, L. H.

Who's there?

Tru. 'Tis I.*Barn.* Truman, is't you?

Tru. Yes, your true friend. Barnwell, how d'ye do?
I'm glad you're come. We've been in such a fright!

Barn. Why?

Tru. Why? Because you've not been home all
night.

But what's the matter, eh?

Barn. I am not well.*Tru.* Not well! What, is't a fever?*Barn.* I cannot tell.

It may be so. My eyes burn in their sockets.

A fever's raging here.

Tru. Where?*Barn.* In my pockets!

A dreadful deed I've done, which can't be undone—

I dare not stay—I'll make a bolt from London.

Tru. What, would you go and leave your friend behind?*Barn.* I must, by jingo!*Tru.* He's disordered in his mind!Oh, do not go—[*Seizing his hand.*]*Barn.* [*Loudly, and throwing him off.*] I must!*Tru.* Here's master coming. Hush!*Barn.* If that's the case, it's time for me to brush.[*Going.*]*Enter* THOROGOOD, with hat and cane, D. F.

Thor. Young man, without a cause to stay away all
night

Was wrong—and what is wrong can not be right.

But still I will not chide—my anger's ended—

I pardon you—go in and get your breeches mended.

Barn. Oh, sir, I don't deserve it—you're too kind.

If you knew all, I'm sure you'd change your mind.

My mad extravagance—my dissipation—

You'd send me to the Po-lice Station.

No greater rogue was ever left unhung—

Thor. I'll hear no more, so hold your tongue!

Beware in future—beware of women loose—

Stick to your shopboard, your cabbage, and your goose.

[*Exit mysteriously, R. H.*]

Barn. Oh, what a precious rascal I must be,

To rob so good a tailor as is he.

Rather than rob again, I'd perish in a gutter.

But Millwood—shall I see her? No, I'll cut her!

Well done, resolution! Now I'll go, and do—

[*Enter SAMBO STICHEM, hastily, L. H.*]

Well, friend SticheM, what's the news with you?

Sambo. Two lady in de parlour, one so berry pretty,

Have brought a message from your uncle in de city.

Barn. Oh, my prophetic soul—my uncle, o'd Two-to one!

Tell 'em I'll come instantly—SticheM, run!

[*Exit Barnwell and Sambo, L. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Chamber in Thorogood's House.*

MILLWOOD and LUCY ushered in by SAMBO, L. H.

Sambo. Ladies, Massa Barney come in little minute.

[*Exit Sambo, L. H.*]

Mill. Very well. The game's began—I'll try to win it,

[*Enter BARNWELL, L. H.*]

Barn. Confusion! Millwood!

Mill. That angry look! I fear

We are not welcome.

Barn. [*Agitated.*] Why are you here?

Seek you my ruin—to drive me to perdition?

Mill. Unkind and cruel!

Barn. How did you gain admission?

Mill. We said your uncle sent us to request permission
That you should visit him. Bless me, don't look so blue—
To pay a visit to my uncle is nothing new.

Barn. But why did you come—what brought you here?

Mill. My legs. Bless me, your conduct's very queer.
I'll trouble you no more. I'll disappear!

Barn. Then you are going to go?

Mill. Yes—since it must be so
But don't condemn me.

Barn. Condemn? Not I.

I think you act wisely—so, good bye.

Mill. [*Aside.*] Confusion!

Lucy. [*To Millwood.*] We're dish'd! He's wiser than
I thought—

I fear the gudgeon's not so easy to be caught!

Mill. Has absence changed you, that you fume and fret
Barn. Perhaps it has. Would we had never met!

Mill. Why so? [*Affecting tears.*]

Lucy. She wilt not lose him, for she can wheedle.

Barn. [*Aside*] Her tears pierce sharp as any needle!

Mill. I'll depart!

Yet one embrace, at least, before we part—

[*Barnwell refrains.*]

Nay, then, a look—let that suffice, Oh, my heart!

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy, L. H.*]

Barn. She's gone! I'm glad—I'm sorry—no, I'm not,
For I have conquer'd—

Mill. [*Re-entering with Lucy.*] One thing I had forgot.
I never can go home again—

I thought this proper to explain,

In case that you should change your mind,

But that was needless—

Barn. Yet that was very kind.

Mill. [*To Lucy.*] My friend, your arm—

Barn. Good bye—

but, ere you go,

There can be no danger, surely, if I know

Where you're going to live.

Lucy. She can't tell.

She's quite done up, and she's obliged to sell

Her house and goods—her pots and pans—'tis true—

She's ruin'd quite, and all along of you.

Barn. Through me? Oh, tell me, Lucy, what's the row

Lucy. Oh, that's too long a tale to tell you now.

She's lost a sweetheart—he swears

He'll never marry her—and, to clear all scores,

He'll seize on all she's got, and turn her out of doors.

Barn. It shall not be—from sheriff's bum I'll bail her—

I'll do it, split me! or I am no tailor!

Ruin'd through me? my mind is on the rack—

[*Pauses and reflects.*]

Wait here a moment—I'll soon come back. [*Exit R. H.*]

Lucy. [*To Millwood*] It's well you came, or you'd have
lost your prize.

Mill. True—a house like mine can't stand without sup-
plies.

To lose *him*'s bad enough, but 'twould be worse

If he had come without his purse.

Lucy. Aye, but your demands should be in moderation.

Mill. [*Pettishly.*] That's *my* affair, madam—so cease
your botheration.

See where he comes—

Lucy. He seems in great alarm.

Mill. He's got a roll of cloth stuck under his left arm.

Enter BARNWELL, very pale, stepping cautiously, with coat, breeches, and a roll of cloth.

Barn. [*Mysteriously.*] The iron chest is lock'd, and master's got the key,

But take this roll of cloth—let no one see—
And here's a purse, containing five pounds three;
A coat, and breeches, too—they'll sell, no doubt,
And bring you money. Now begone—get out!
Go to your home—no longer here remain—

Mill. I'll go—but hope to see you soon again.
Pray come to-night, I'll get some pickled salmon.
You know I love you, Georgy—Gammon!

[*Spoke over his shoulder*

Say but you'll come—to-morrow—Sunday, or next week.

Barn. Yes—no—I'm deaf—I'm dumb—I cannot speak!

DUET. Air—Over the hills and far away,

Mill. Do not frown nor storm, I pray,
But come to-night—I'm sure you may,
To my house, near Dyer's Quay,
O'er the Thames, and far away.
And I will feed you all the day—

Barn. I shall catch it if you stay,
Take the clothes, and brush, I pray,
O'er the Thames, and far away.

Mill. My grief and sorrows none can tell,
The coat and breeches forc'd to sell,
One kiss before I say, farewell.

Barn. Take it at once, and go to —

[*A stroke of the drum, and crash in the orchestra—he darts off without finishing the sentence—Millwood and Lucy rush off, quite shocked at the opposite side.*]

SCENE V.—*The Street, as before.*

Enter TRUMAN, with a letter, on which he gazes with mysterious import. He breaks the seal, and appears to express various emotions—horror, surprise, terror, &c. in pantomime. Maria appears at back, watching with interest.

DUETT, Air—Aurora Waltz.

Truman.

Oh, Barnwell, O!

Here's a queer go,

How could you go for to do such a thing.

Maria,

Truman, I fear,

Matters are queer—

Tell me the news that you bring.

Truman. I can't conceal
 What now I feel,
 Barnwell I fear me has acted quite rash,
 Sure as a gun,
 Off he has run,
 And cabbaged the cloth and the cash,
 This letter here,
 That's written so queer,
 Owns he's committed a rob-be-ry.
 And I've no doubt,
 Now it's found out,
 Master will kick up a fine bob-be-ry.

Maria. Hold, Truman, hold!
 I've got some gold
 Guineas as bright as the sun at noon day;
 If you'll be mum,
 Tell me the sum,
 And all the cash I'll repay.

Truman. Oh, my dear Miss,
 Can you mean this?
 Sure you're a good and generous lass.

Maria. Haste, Truman, kind,
 George Barnwell find,
 Tell him I'll pay down the brass.

Truman. Madam, I'll go,
 Swift as a roe.
 I may not lag far behind him —
 Crikey, my jiggs,
 Here's your rum riggs,
 I'll bring him home, if I find him.

[*Exeunt L. H.*

SCENE VI.—*A Cut Wood, with various intersections.*

Enter BARNWELL, cautiously, U. E. R. H. with blunderbuss and shears.

SONG. Air—Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

A dismal gloom obscures the sun,
 A dreadful deed must now be done,
 And I must shoot old two to one,
 Or at least I'll try. (*Chord. He starts.*)
 Crikey, Bill! oh, what was that?
 Perhaps a ghost, or else a bat—
 I must do the job, that's flat!
 So let him mind his eye.

[*Music changes—Haydn's Surprise—Pantomime business—Stage gradually darker—Barnwell's Uncle seen slowly crossing at the back from L. H. to R. H. during the following Solo.*

(Very piano, and cautiously.)

Footsteps I distinctly hear—

Somebody is drawing near,

It's my uncle coming here, [*Quickly darts behind foliage.*]

I must disappear!

[*Music*—"Non piu Andrai," from "Figaro."

Enter UNCLE, rather fearfully back, R. H.

SOLO. (*Piano, and cautiously.*)

If I was at all superstitious,

I should think matters look'd d—n suspicious—

Strange whims make it run in my mind, sir,

I'm in danger before and behind, sir,

With terror I'm fainting almost, sir—

Every tree looks like death, or a ghost, sir.

Horror freezes up my blood—

Zounds, I'm sticking in the mud!

I'm afraid I shan't get'out!

Two to one I'm up the spout.

Ghosts and goblins in the trees,

Nimble jump as any fleas.

Death's head on a mopstick there,

Goggle eyes upon me stare.

Psha! 'tis fancy racks my brain—

Ghosts, you threaten here in vain.

(Recovering his courage, and boldly striking his breast, in token of his valour.)

I'm as brisk as ginger pop,

If a thief my road should stop,

Over hedge and ditch I'd hop,

And run until I reach'd my shop.

[*Barnwell comes forward with his blunderbuss, cautiously, masked.*]

Barn. It is my uncle—I know his old grey head—

By three gold balls he has gained his bread.

With one of lead I'll shoot him dead,

Or Millwood's fist will punch my head!

[*Presents blunderbuss*

Uncle. [*Alarmed.*] A man—and armed! my fears, alas,
were true.

Barn. Ha—discovered! Then there's an end of you

[*Tries to fire blunderbuss, which won't go off*

My hand shakes. Avaunt, ye idle fears!

The blunderbuss won't fire—come forth, my shears!

[*Music.* George Barnwell draws forth a pair of tailor shears, and stabs his uncle, who falls, and his tail gets tangled in the shears.]

SOLO—UNCLE. Air—Marlbrook.

Oh, dear, I fear he has slew me,

For the shears have stuck into me.

A hole he's made right through me,

Six inches wide or more.

I feel my blood run out,

Like water from the spout—

May the chap that murder'd me,

Never hang on Tyburn tree,

But fully pardon'd be,

And never kill no more. (*Repeat second part of Air.*)

For nephew, Heaven send

You ne'er may want a friend,

Who'll give you money plenty,

Whene'er your pocket's empty—

I forgive you all I've lent ye,

Alas! I can no more. (*Faints.*)

[George Barnwell, after a pause of horror, kneels by his Uncle.]

Oh, murdered saint, look up, and view

Your nephew, who did run you through.

Oh, do not look so kindly, pray—

He does not speak, because he's naught to say.

[Uncle dies—Barnwell takes up the shears and ta-

SONG. Air—The girl I left behind me.

Poor Uncle Jeremiah's dead,

As dead as any doornail—

And these damn'd shears have cut his thread,

And that's a sad and sore tail. (*Shows shears and t-*

Through Millwood to this state I'm brought—

I soon shall learn to hate her—

They'll hang me up if I am caught—

They will, so help me tater.

O poor Georgy—unlucky Georgy Barnwell—

O poor Georgy, &c.

Where shall I go—for fly I must—

At every step I falter.

My throat is parch'd, my neck feels just

As if 'twas in a halter.

To Millwood I'll for safety run,

Some kindly place she'll find me,

For though bad deeds I have began,

Still worse may lag behind me.

O poor Georgy, &c.

[Exit L. H.]

SCENE VII.—Chamber in Millwood's House.

Enter MILLWOOD, U. E. R. H.

Mill. Suppose the deed done—his uncle dead—
Then I should have no cause to dread

Yet, if he fails, my case is queer—

But hold—I wrong him. He is here!

Enter BARNWELL, L. H. His face pale—his hands bloody.

Pale and disordered, there he trembling stands—

The deed is done—there's blood upon his hands.

Barn. Where shall I hide? Which way shall I run?

If they should catch me, I'm undone.

Oh, hide me in the dust hole—

Mill.

Dismiss this fear—

I'll undertake they shall not find you here.

By art contrived, I have a curious chimney—

Barn. What, smother in me soot? Oh, Gemini!

Mill. A safer place you can't desire.

Barn. Yes—but suppose they light a fire—

Like Hambro' beef, I shall be smoked and dried.

Mill. 'Tis the best place where you can hide.

But, truce to all this childish fear—

Quick, tell me all. I want to hear

What you have gain'd. Be firm—be bold—

Has't got his watch, his keys, his gold?

Barn. Hold, Millwood—hold! Don't go no further—

D'ye think I'd rob as well as murder?

Mill. What? Murder your uncle, and not take his
purse?

Why that is making matters ten times worse.

Hence, snivelling knave! Why do you fly to me?

Dost think I'd screen a beggar?

Barn.

This from thee?

Oh, Millwood, would you to the gibbet send me?

Say that you hate, and grief will quickly end me.

Mill. [*Aside.*] In his mad freaks he may discover all—

To save myself from ruin, he must fall.

Time presses—there is no other way. [*Rings the bell.*]

Enter BLUNT, R. H.

Fetch me an officer without delay,

To seize this murderer. Should he escape,

I may be thought as bad as he.

Barn. [*Aside.*]

Monster, in human shape!

[*To Millwood.*] Oh, Millwood, you cannot mean it. 'Tis
true

That I deserve to die, but not by you.

Oh, call him back—let it not be said,

That I by you should be betrayed.

Oh, this is dirty conduct, Mill!

Mill. Call my conduct what you will.

I wish to live, and be from danger free—

I shan't be safe till you're at Tyburn tree.

Barn. Have you no pity ?

Mill. Pity to the winds I fling.

I ll 'peach you, Georgy—

Barn. Then I must swing !

Blunt and Constables enter L. H.

CHORUS. *Airs—Lucy Long, and Jim along, Josey.*

To Newgate we'll make him go—

'Tis needless now to falter,

We'll place him safe in limbo,

And fit him with a halter.

Hey come along—come along, Georgy—

Hey, come along, come along, George.

Mill. Conceal a murderer ? A pretty go !

Seize that assassin— [*Points to Barnwell.*]—I'll prove him
so—

[*Pointedly to Officers.*] And when he's hang'd, pray let me
know.

DUETT. *Air—Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

Barn. Have some pity, Millwood, pray,
If your heart ain't tough as leather—
Think, when down by Dice's Quay,
We used to sup and dance together.
I lov'd you best of woman kind,
And treated you with pickled salmon—
But now, alas, too late I find,
Your love for me was only gammon.

Mill. Cease your whining, I beseech,
Vain are your attempts to carney—
I'm determined to impeach,
And see you swing at Tyburn, Barney.

Barn. Be warn'd, ye youths, by my sad fate—
Shun women loose, who'd take your heart in,
Or else their love you'll find, too late,
Is all my eye, and Betty Martin.

[*The Officers conduct Barnwell off at L. H. Blunt re-
mains at the entranc.*]

Enter THOROGOOD, L. H.

Thor. Where is the scandal of her sex ? Oh, there she
stands.

Mill. Heyday !

What lingo's this ? Whom do mean, sir, hey ?

Thor. Millwood.

Mill. My name's Millwood. What have you to
say ?

Thor. I'm Barnwell's master—saucy railer !

Mill. Lucy, then, has split—I must go slow,
And by hypocrisy avert the blow.

Of all your ire, good sir, I now perceive the cause—
I'll have that Lucy seized—she shan't evade the laws.
His uncle's blood for justice cries out,
Let me come at her—I'll tear her eyes out!

Thor. You pass not, fury! I know your aim—
I'll stick in your skirts, and spoil your game.

SONG.—MILLWOOD. Air, from *Midas*.

(*Boldly, and with assurance.*)

Your threats to me an't worth a button,
My hands from blood are pure and free.
Though Barnwell's uncle's dead as mutton,
I'll prove that he warn't kill'd by me.

Pray be quiet,
Cease this riot,

While I to my chamber hie—

(*Aside, with a malicious grin.*)

If you'll tarry,
By old Harry,

You'll smell powder, by and by.

[*Exit R.*]

Enter LUCY, BLUNT, Tailors, and Constables.

LUCY.

Gentlemen, I pray beware,
For Millwood's up to something queer—
Some stand here, and some stand there,
And seize her when she enters here.

She's contriving,
And conniving,

How to vent on us her spite.

Now she's coming,
Don't stond humming,

Seize the wretch, and hold her tight!

[*Millwood suddenly enters R. H. with a pistol, which as she raises Blunt seizes.*]

Blunt. No, you don't! We've caught you, ma'am, at
last.

Thor. Seize her, and mind you hold her fast.

[*Officers seize her.*]

Mill. Alas, then, I to gaol must go—
Lead on, ye bailiffs, since it must be so.

Enter MARIA, L. H.

Mar. Oh, where's my Georgy? Let him not die.

Mill. [*Looking at Maria.*] Oh, that's his sweethearth
What a guy!

He's gone to *Noogate*, ma'am, and so must I.

Enter TRUMAN, *hastily*, L. H.

Tru. Hold, my good friends! A moment stay—
Barnwell will not be tried to-day.

He is free!

Thor. Why, how the devil did he get away ?

Tru I only know, that chance has willed

That his dead uncle is not killed.

Mar. Oh where, then, is he? To his arms I fly!

Enter BARNWELL, L. H.

Barn. Who calls on Barnwell? Here am I!

Enter UNCLE, R. H. without his tail.

Uncle. And I also.

Barn. [*Alarmed.*] Ha - my uncle! Oh, spectre dread!

Uncle. Courage, you fool! I am not dead.

Our shears were blunt about the edges,

So I still live to take in pledges.

But that which most with wonder fills,

That I've been saved by Holloway's Pills.

Omnes. Oh! oh!

Uncle. Aye, you may doubt, but truth I've said

A box within my pocket laid—

The shears struck that, and being new,

The points too blunt, did not go through,

And so I wasn't kill'd by you.

Thus by one box of Holloway's pills,

I've saved my life, my cash, my bills.

Thor. And now, to end this jarring strife,

We'll make Maria Barnwell's wife.

Uncle. Agreed: I'll give consent with pleasure.

Thor. If that's the case, I'll take their measure,

And clothes I'll furnish for their use—

No cabbage take—I hope no *goose*.

FINALE.

Air—Yankee Doodle.

Barn. Kind gentlefolks, I hope you'll give

My case consideration—

For 'Ria's sake my crime forgive,

And make no hesitation.

Maria. And if a boon his wife may crave,

While you're in consultation—

A true repentant sinner save,

From cruel condemnation.

Mill. May Millwood now express a hope,

Whose head a tress of hair decks,

You'll save her from the fatal rope,

And not forsake the fair sex.

Lucy. And Lucy, too, your favour seeks—

In you her only trust is.

She's put an end to Millwood's freaks,

And brought her up to justice.

Uncle Now I'm your uncle, you all know,
 My shop is at the West End,
 Folks come to me when cash is short,
 And swear I am their best friend.
 Perhaps some friend among you might
 Some money wish to borrow—
 Then pledge your hands with me to-night,
 And back the pledge to-morrow.

Barn. (*Coming forward to footlights. Apart to Audience.*)
 A word in private, as a friend—
 There's uncle, you all know him.
 My money's gone, and he won't lend
 Till I pay what I owe him.
 But that's beyond my power quite,
 Or else of him I'd borrow,
 Though if you'll let me live to-night,
 I'll try him on to-morrow.

CHORUS.

If that's beyond his power quite,
 He surely cannot borrow,
 But let George Barnwell live to-night,
 And try him on to-morrow.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

